

1609/6095.
C A T O.

A

T R A G E D Y.

B Y

JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

Ecce spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciate, intentus operi suo,
Deos! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum mala fortuna com-
positus! Non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter pul-
chrius, si convertere animum velit, quam ut spectet Catonem
jam partibus non semel fractis, nihilominus inter ruinas publicas
erectum.

Sen. de Div. Prov.

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MDCCCLXXIV.

1609/6095.



THE
LIFE
OF
JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.

THIS very great ornament to the age he lived in, his own country in particular, and to the cause of polite literature in general, was son of the Rev. Dr Launcelot Addison, who afterwards became Dean of Litchfield and Coventry, but at the time of this son's birth was rector of Mileston, near Ambrosbury, Wilts, at which place the subject of our present consideration received his vital breath, on the 1st day of May 1672. — He was very early sent to school to Ambrosbury, being put under the care of the Rev. Mr Naish, then master of that school; from thence, as soon as he had received the first rudiments of literature, he was removed to Salisbury school, taught by the Rev. Mr Taylor, and after that to the Charter-house, where he was under the tuition of the learned Dr Ellis. — Here he first contracted an intimacy with Mr Steele, afterwards Sir Richard, which continued inviolable till his death. — At about fifteen years of age he was entered of Queen's College, Oxford, and in about two years afterwards, through the interest of Dr Lancaster, Dean of Magdalen's, elected into that college, and admitted to the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts.

While he was at the university, he was repeatedly solicited by his father and other friends to enter into holy orders, which, although from his extreme modesty and natural diffidence he would gladly have declined, yet, in

A 2 compliance

compliance with his father's desires, he was once very near concluding on: when having, through Mr Congreve's means, become a great favourite with that universal patron of poetry and the polite arts, the famous Lord Halifax, that nobleman, who had frequently regretted that so few men of liberal education and great abilities applied themselves to affairs of public business, in which their country might reap the advantage of their talents, earnestly persuaded him to lay aside this design; and, as an encouragement for him so to do, and an indulgence to an inclination for travel, which shewed itself in Mr Addison, procured him an annual pension of 300 l. from the crown, to enable him to make the tour of France and Italy.

On this tour then he set out at the latter end of the year 1699, did his country great honour by his extraordinary abilities, receiving in his turn every mark of esteem that could be shewn to a man of exalted genius, particularly from M^r Boileau, the famous French poet, and the Abbe Salvini, Professor of the Greek tongue in the university of Florence, the former of whom declared that he first conceived an opinion of the English genius for poetry from Mr Addison's Latin poems, printed in the *Muse Anglicanae*, and the latter translated into elegant Italian verse his epistolary poem to Lord Halifax, which is esteemed a master-piece in its kind.

In the year 1702, as he was about to return home, he was informed from his friends in England, by letter, that King William intended him the post of Secretary, to attend the army under Prince Eugene in Italy.— This was an office that would have been extremely acceptable to Mr Addison; but his Majesty's death, which happened before he could get his appointment, put a stop to that, together with his pension.— This news came to him at Geneva; he therefore chose to make the tour of Germany in his way home, and at Vienna composed his treatise on medals, which however did not make its appearance till after his death.

A different set of ministers coming to the management of affairs in the beginning of Queen Ann's reign, and consequently the interest of Mr Addison's friends being considerably weakened, he continued unemployed, and

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in obscurity, till 1704, when an accident called him again into notice.

The amazing victory gained by the great Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim, exciting a desire in the Earl of Godolphin, then Lord High Treasurer, to have it celebrated in verse, Lord Halifax, to whom that nobleman had communicated this his wish, recommended Mr Addison to him, as the only person who was likely to execute such a task in a manner adequate to the subject; in which he succeeded so happily, that when the poem he wrote, *viz.* the *Campaign*, was finished no farther than to the celebrated simile of the angel, the Lord High Treasurer was so delighted with it, that he immediately presented the author with the place of one of the Commissioners of Appeals in the Excise, in the room of Mr Locke, who had been just promoted to the Board of Trade.

In the year 1705, he attended Lord Halifax to Hanover, and in the succeeding year was appointed Under-Secretary to Sir Charles Hodges, then Secretary of State; nor did he lose his post on the removal of Sir Charles; the Earl of Sunderland, who succeeded to that gentleman, willingly continuing Mr Addison as his Under-Secretary.

In 1709, Lord Wharton being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, nominated our Author Secretary for that kingdom, the Queen at the same time bestowing on him also the post of Keeper of the Records in Ireland.

— But when, in the latter end of her Majesty's reign, the ministry was again changed, and Mr Addison expected no farther employment, he gladly submitted to a retirement, in which he had formed a design, which it is much to be regretted that he never had in his power to put in execution, *viz.* the compiling a dictionary to fix the standard of the English language upon the same kind of plan with the famous *Dictionaria della Crusca* of the Italians.—A work in no language so much wanted as in our own, and which, from so masterly, so elegant, and so correct a pen as this gentleman's, could not have failed being executed to the greatest degree of perfection.—We have, however, the less reason to lament this loss, as the same design has since been carried on,

and brought to a maturity that reflects the highest honour on our country in general, and its author in particular ; —nor after this character can I, I think, have need to enter into a farther explanation, or even hint, that I mean Mr Samuel Johnson's Dictionary of the English language.

What prevented Mr Addison's pursuing this design, was his being again called out into public business ; for on the death of the Queen, he was appointed Secretary to the Lords Justices ; then again, in 1711, Secretary for Ireland ; and on Lord Sunderland's resignation of the Lord Lieutenancy, he was made one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade.

In 1716, he married the Countess of Warwick, and in the ensuing year was raised to the high dignity of one of her Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.—The fatigues of this important post being too much for Mr Addison's constitution, which was naturally not an extraordinary one, he was very soon obliged to resign it, intending, for the remainder of his life, to pursue the completion of some literary designs which he had planned out ; but this he had no long time allowed him for the doing, an asthma, attended with a dropsey, carrying him off the stage of this world before he could finish any of his schemes. — He departed this life at Holland house, near Kensington, on the 17th of June 1719, having then just entered into his 48th year, and left behind him only one daughter.

As a writer we need say little of him, as the general esteem his works were, still are, and ever must be held in, *pleads*, as Shakespeare says, *like angels trumpet tongu'd*, in their behalf. — As a poet, his *Cato* in the dramatic, and his *Campaign* in the heroic way, will ever maintain a place among the first-rate works of either kind. — Yet I cannot help thinking even these excelled by the elegance, accuracy, and elevation of his prose writings ; among which his papers in the *Tatlers*, *Spectators*, and *Guardians*, hold a foremost rank, and must continue the objects of admiration, so long as the English language retains its purity, or any authors who have written in it continue to be read. — As a Man, it is impossible to say too much, and it would even extend beyond our present limits to say enough in his praise.

praise, as he was in every respect truly valuable. — In private life he was amiable, in public employment honourable : a zealous patriot ; faithful to his friends and steadfast to his principles ; and the noble sentiments which every where breathe through his *Cato*, are no more than emanations of that love for his country, which was the constant guide of all his actions. — But last of all let us view him as a Christian, in which light he will appear still more exalted than in any other. — And to this end nothing, perhaps, can more effectually lead us than the relating an anecdote concerning his death, in the words of one of the best men, as well as the best writers, now dead, who in a pamphlet written almost entirely to introduce this little story, speaks of him in the following manner.

“ After a long and manly, but vain struggle with his “ distemper,” says he, “ he dismissed his physicians, and “ with them all hopes of life ; but with his hopes of life “ he dismissed not his concern for the living, but sent “ for a youth nearly related, and finely accomplished, “ but not above being the better for good impressions “ from a dying friend. He came ; but life now glim- “ mering in the socket, the dying friend was silent. — “ After a decent and proper pause, the youth said, *Dear* “ *Sir ! you sent for me : I believe, and I hope, that you* “ *have some commands ; I shall hold them most sacred.* “ — May distant ages,” proceeds this author, “ not “ only hear, but feel the reply ! — Forcibly grasping the “ youth’s hand, he softly said, *See in what peace a* “ *Christian can die.* — He spoke with difficulty, and soon “ expired.” — The pamphlet from which this is quoted, is entitled, *Conjectures on Original Composition*, and although published anonymous, was written by the great Dr Edward Young. — Nor can I with more propriety close my character of Mr Addison, than with this very gentleman’s observations on the just-mentioned anecdote, when, after telling us that it is to this circumstance Mr Tickel refers, where, in his lines on this great man’s death, he has these words,

*He taught us how to live ; and, Oh ! too high
A price for knowledge, taught us how to die.*

Thus

Thus (proceeds Dr Young) ; "had not this poor plank
" been thrown out, the chief article of his glory would
" probably have been sunk for ever, and late ages had re-
" ceived but a fragment of his fame. — A fragment
" glorious indeed, for his genius how bright ! but to
" commend him for composition, though immortal, is
" detraction now, if there our encomium ends. — Let
" us look farther to that concluding scene, which spoke
" human nature not unrelated to the divine. — To that
" let us pay the long and large arrear of our greatly post-
" humous applause."

A little farther he thus terminates this noble encomium. — " If powers were not wanting, a monument
" more durable than those of marble, should proudly
" rise, in this ambitious page, to the new and far nobler
" Addison, than that which you and the public have so
" long and so much admired : — nor this nation only, for
" it is Europe's Addison as well as ours ; though Europe
" knows not half his titles to her esteem, being as yet
" unconscious that the dying Addison far outshines her
" Addison immortal."

PROLOGUE.

By Mr POPE.

Spoken by Mr WILKES.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold :
For this the tragie muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream thro' every age,
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our Author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory or the virgin's love ;
In pitying love, we but our weakness show,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws :
He bids your breasts with ancient ardor rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and god-like Cato was :
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys ;
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state !
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause ?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed ?
Who bears him groan, and does not wish to bleed ?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state,
As her dead father's rev'rend image past,
The pomp was dark'ned, and the day o'ercast,
The triumph ceas'd—Tears gush'd from ev'ry eye,
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by ;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
Britons, attend : be worth like this approv'd,
And shew you have the virtue to be mov'd,
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd :
Our scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves ; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage ;
Such plays alone should please a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

Dramatis Personæ.

CATO.

LUCIUS, } Senators.
SEMPRONIUS, }
JUBA, Prince of Numidia.
SYPHAX, General of the Numidians.
PORTIUS, } Sons of Cato.
MARCUS, }
DECIUS, Ambassador from Cæsar.

MARCIA, Daughter to Cato.

LUCIA, Daughter to Lucius.

Mutineers, Guards, &c.

SCENE *A large Hall in the Governor's Palace of Utica.*

C A T O.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PORTIUS, MARCUS.

PORTIUS.

THE dawn is overcast, the morning low'rs,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome. — Our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar
Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive fword :
Should he go further, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles, and support his crimes.
Ye gods, what havock does ambition make
Among your works !

Marc. Thy steady temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy :
I'm tortur'd even to madness when I think
On the proud victor ; ev'ry time he's nam'd
Pharsalia rises to my view ! — I see
Th' insulting tyrant prancing o'er the field
Strow'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in slaughter,
His horses hooves wet with patrician blood !
Oh Portius, is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heav'n,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin !

Por. Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatness,
And mix'd with too much horror to be envy'd.
How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightnes !
His suff'rings shine, and spread a glory round him ;

Greatly

Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.
His sword ne'er fell but on the guilty head ;
Oppression, tyranny, and power usurp'd,
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon 'em.

Marc. Who knows not this ? But what can Cato do
Against a world, a base degen'rate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæsar ?
Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms
A poor epitome of Roman greatness,
And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs
A feeble army, and an empty senate,
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By Heav'ns, such virtues, join'd with such success,
Distract my very soul : our father's fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

Por. Remember what our father oft has told us :
The ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate ;
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors ;
Our understanding traces 'em in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search :
Nor sees with how much art the windings run.
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

Marc. These are suggestions of a mind at ease :
Oh Portius, didst thou taste but half the griefs
That wring my soul, thou cou'dst not talk thus coldly :
Passion un pity'd, and successless love,
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs. Were but my Lucia kind ! —

Por. Thou seest not that thy brother is thy rival :
But I must hide it, for I know thy temper. [Aside.]

Now, Marcus, now, thy virtue's on the proof :
Put forth thy utmost strength, work ev'ry nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy soul :
To quell the tyrant Love, and guard thy heart
On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
Would be a conquest worthy Cato's son.

Marc. Portius, the counseL which I cannot take,
Instead of healing, but upbraids my weakness.
Bid me for honour plunge into a war
Of thickest foes, and rush on certain death,
Then shalt thou see that Marcus is not slow

To follow glory and confess his father.
Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high ambition and a thirst of greatness ;
'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,
Warms ev'ry vein, and beats in ev'ry pulse.
I feel it here : my resolution melts — —

Por. Behold young Juba, the Numidian prince !
With how much care he forms himself to glory,
And breaks the fierceness of his native temper
To copy out our father's bright example.
He loves our sister Marcia, greatly loves her,
His eyes, his looks, his actions, all betray it :
But still the smother'd fondness burns within him.
When most it swells and labours for a vent,
The sense of honour and desire of fame
Drive the big passion back into his heart.
What ! shall an African, shall Juba's heir
Reproach great Cato's son, and shew the world
A virtue wanting in a Roman soul ?

Marc. Portius, no more ! your words leave stings behind 'em.

When e'er did Juba, or did Portius, shew
A virtue that has cast me at a distance,
And thrown me out in the pursuits of honour ?

Por. Marcus, I know thy gen'rous temper well ;
Fling but th' appearance of dishonour on it,
It straight takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

Marc. A brother's suff'ring claim a brother's pity.

Por. Heav'n knows I pity thee : behold my eyes
Ev'n whilst I speak — — do they not swim in tears ?
Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf.

Marc. Why then dost treat me with rebukes, instead
Of kind condoling cares, and friendly sorrow !

Por. O Marcus, did I know the way to ease
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

Marc. Thou best of brothers, and thou best of friends !
Pardon a weak distemper'd soul, that swells
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms.
The sport of passions — — But Sempronius comes :
He must not find this softness hanging on me. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter SEMPRONIUS.

Semp. Conspiracies no sooner shou'd be form'd
Than executed. What means Portius here?
I like not that cold youth; I must dissemble,
And speak a language foreign to my heart.

[*Aside.*]

SEMPRONIUS, PORTIUS.

Good morrow, Portius! let us once embrace,
Once more embrace; whilst yet we both are free.
To-morrow shou'd we thus express our friendship,
Each might receive a slave into his arms:
This sun, perhaps, this morning sun's the last
That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty.

Por. My father has this morning call'd together
To this poor hall his little Roman senate,
(The leavings of Pharsalia), to consult
If yec he can oppose the mighty torrent
That bears down Rome, and all her gods before it,
Or must at length give up the world to Cæsar.

Semp. Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome
Can raise her senate more than Cato's presence;
His virtues render our assembly awful,
They strike with something like religious fear,
And make ev'n Cæsar tremble at the head
Of armies flush'd with conquest. O my Portius,
Could I but call that wond'rous man my father,
Wou'd but thy sister Marcia be propitious
To thy friend's vows I might be bless'd indeed!

Por. Alas, Sempronius! would'st thou talk of love
To Marcia, whilst her father's life's in danger?
Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling vestal
When she beholds the holy flame expiring.

Semp. The more I see the wonders of thy race,
The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed, my
Portius!

The world has all its eyes on Cato's son.
Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,

And

And shews thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues or thy faults conspicuous.

Por. Well dost thou seem to check my ling'ring here
On this important hour—I'll straight away,
And while the fathers of the senate meet
In close debate to weigh th' events of war,
I'll animate the soldiers drooping courage,
With love of freedom, and contempt of life ;
I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,
And try to rouse up all that's Roman in 'em.
'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius ; we'll deserve it. [Exit.]

SEMPRONIUS *solus.*

Curse on the stripling ! how he apes his fire !
Ambitiously sententious ! — But I wonder
Old Syphax comes not ; his Numidian genius
Is well dispos'd to mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it ; but he must be spurr'd,
And ev'ry moment quicken'd to the course.
— Cato has us'd me ill : he has refus'd
His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.
Besides, his baffled arms and ruin'd cause
Are bars to my ambition. Cæsar's favour,
That show'srs down greatness on his friends, will raise me
To Rome's first honours. If I give up Cato,
I claim in my reward his captive daughter.
But Syphax comes ! —

S C E N E III.

Enter SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

Syph. Sempronius ! all is ready.
I've founded my Numidians, man by man,
And find them ripe for a revolt ; they all
Complain aloud of Cato's discipline,
And wait but the command to change their master.

Semp. Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to waste ;
Even whilst we speak our conqueror comes on,
And geathers ground upon us ev'ry moment.
Alas ! thou know'st not Cæsar's active soul,
With what a dreadful course he rushes on

From war to war ! in vain has nature form'd
 Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage ;
 He bounds o'er all, victorious in his march ;
 The Alps and Pyreneans sink before him ;
 Through winds and waves and storms he works his way,
 Impatient for the battle : one day more
 Will set the victor thund'ring at our gates.
 But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young Juba ?
 That still would recommend thee more to Cæsar,
 And challenge better terms,

Syph. Alas ! he's lost,
 He's lost, Sempronius ; all his thoughts are full
 Of Cato's virtues. — But I'll try once more !
 (For ev'ry instant I expect him here)
 If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles
 Of faith, of honour, and I know not what,
 That have corrupted his Numidian temper,
 And struck th' infection into all his soul.

Semp. Be sure to press upon him ev'ry motive,
 Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
 Would give up Afric into Cæsar's hands,
 And make him lord of half the burning zone.

Syph. But is it true, Sempronius, that your senate
 Is call'd together ? Gods ! thou must be cautious !
 Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
 Our frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with art.

Semp. Let me alone, good Syphax, I'll conceal
 My thoughts in passion ('tis the surest way ;)
 I'll bellow out for Rome, and for my country,
 And mouth at Cæsar 'till I shake the senate,
 Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device,
 A worn-out trick : would'st thou be thought in earnest ?
 Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury !

Syph. In troth thou'ret able to instruct grey hairs,
 And teach the wily African deceit !

Semp. Once more, be sure to try thy skill on Juba,
 Mean while I'll hasten to my Roman soldiers,
 Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
 Blow up their discontents, 'till they break out
 Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on Cato.
 Remember, Syphax, we must work in haste :
 O think what anxious moments pass between

The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.
 Oh ! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
 Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death !
 Destruction hangs on every word we speak,
 On ev'ry thought 'till the concluding stroke
 Determines all, and closes our design.

[Exit.]

SYPHAX *solus.*

I'll try if yet I can reduce to reason
 This headstrong youth, and make him spurn at Cato.
 The time is short, Cæsar comes rushing on us —
 But hold ! young Juba sees me, and approaches.

S C E N E IV.

Enter JUBA, SYPHAX.

Jub. Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
 I have observ'd of late thy looks are fall'n,
 O'ercast with gloomy cares and discontent :
 Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee tell me,
 What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
 And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince ?

Syph. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
 Or carry smiles and sun-shine in my face,
 When discontent sits heavy at my heart :
 I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

Jub. Why dost thou cast out such ungen'rous terms
 Against the lords and sov'reigns of the world ?
 Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
 And own the force of their superior virtue ?
 Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
 Amidst our barren rocks, and burning fands,
 That does not tremble at the Roman name ?

Syph. Gods ! where's the worth that sets this people up
 Above your own Numidia's tawny sons ?
 Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow ?
 Or flies the jav'lin swifter to its mark,
 Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm ?
 Who like our active African instructs
 The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand ?
 Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,
 Loaden with war ? these, these are arts, my prince,

In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

Jub. These all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.
A Roman soul is bent on higher views :
To civilize the rude unpolish'd world,
To lay it under the restraint of laws ;
To make man mild, and sociable to man ;
To cultivate the wild licentious savage
With wisdom, discipline, and lib'ral arts ;
Th' embellishments of life : virtues like these
Make human nature shite, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

Syph. Patience, kind heav'ns !—Excuse an old man's warmth.

What are these wond'rous civilizing arts,
This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame !
Are they not only to disguise our passious,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the starts and fallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue ;
In short, to change us into other creatures
Than what our nature and the gods design'd us ?

Jub. To strike thee dumb, turn up thy eyes to Cato !
There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man.
While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
He's still severely bent against himself ;
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat ;
And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

Syph. Believe me, Prince, there's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts,
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practices these boasted virtues.

Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase.
Amidst the running streams he flakes his thirst,
Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock 'till morn :

Then

Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

Jub. Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleasures and the baits of sense :
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato ?
Heav'n's ! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings !
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him !

Syph. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul :
I think the Romans call it *Stoicism*.
Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,
He had not fall'n by a slave's hand, inglorious :
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain
On Afric's sands disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

Jub. Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh ?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

Syph. Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills !

Jub. What wouldst thou have me do ?

Syph. Abandon Cato.

Jub. Syphax, I should be more than twice an orphan
By such a loss.

Syph. Ay, there's the tie that binds you !
You long to call him father. Marciæ's charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

Jub. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate ;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large ; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.

Syph. Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.
Alas, he's dead ! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,

Which

Which you drew from him in your last farewell?
 Still must I cherish the dear, sad remembrance,
 At once to torture, and to please my soul.
 The good old king at parting wrung my hand,
 (His eyes brim-full of tears), then sighing, cry'd,
 Pr'ythee be careful of my son! — his grief
 Swell'd up so high, he could not utter more.

Jub. Alas, the story melts away my soul.
 That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
 The gratitude and duty which I owe him!

Syph. By laying up his counsels in your heart.

Jub. His counsels bade me yield to thy directions:
 Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms,
 Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,
 Calm and unruffled as a summer sea,
 When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.

Syph. Alas, my Prince, I'd guide you to your safety.

Jub. I do believe thou would'st; but tell me how?

Syph. Fly from the fare that follows Cæsar's foes.

Jub. My father scorn'd to do it.

Syph. And therefore dy'd.

Jub. Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,
 Than wound my honour.

Syph. Rather say your love.

Jub. Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my temper;
 Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame
 I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?

Syph. Believe me, Prince, tho' hard to conquer love;
 'Tis easy to divert and break its force:
 Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
 Light up another flame, and put out this.
 The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
 Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms;
 The sun, that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
 Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
 Were you with these, my Prince, you'd soon forget
 The pale, unripen'd beauties of the North.

Jub. 'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
 The tincture of a skin that I admire.
 Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
 Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
 The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her sex:

True, she is fair, (oh, how divinely fair !)
 But still the lovely maid improves her charms,
 With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
 And sanctity of manners. Cato's soul
 Shines out in ev'ry thing she acts or speaks,
 While winning mildness and attractive smiles
 Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
 Soften the rigour of her father's virtues.

Syph. How does your tongue grow wanton in her
 praise !

But on my knees I beg you would consider-----

Enter MARCIA and LUCIA.

Jub. Ha ! Syphax, is't not she ! — She moves this
 way :

And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair daughter.
 My heart beats thick—I pry thee, Syphax, leave me.

Syph. Ten thousand curses fasten on them both !
 Now will this woman with a single glance
 Undo what I've been hab'ring all this while. [Exit.

S C E N E V.

Enter JUBA, MARCIA, LUCIA.

Jub. Hail, charming maid, how does thy beauty
 smooth

The face of war, and make ev'n horror smile !
 At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows ;
 I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
 And for a while forget th' approach of Cæsar.

Mar. I shou'd be griev'd, young Prince, to think my
 presence

Unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd 'em to arms,
 While warm with slaughter, our victorious foe
 Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

Jub. O Marcia, let me hope thy kind concerns
 And gentle wishes follow me to battle !
 The thought would give new vigour to my arm,
 Add strength and weight to my descending sword,
 And drive it in a tempest on the foe.

Mar. My pray'rs and wishes always shall attend

The

The friends of Rome, the glorious cause of virtue,
And men approv'd of by the gods and Cato.

Jub. That Juba may deserve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,
Transplanting, one by one, into my life
His bright perfections, till I shine like him.

Mar. My father never at a time like this
Wou'd lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments.

Jub. Thy reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous maid ; I'll hasten to my troops,
And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue.
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war shall stand rang'd in its just array,
And dreadfull pomp : then will I think on thee !
O lovely maid, then will I think on thee !
And, in the shock of charging hosts, remember
What glorious deeds shou'd grace the man who hopes
For Marcia's love.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E VI.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

Luc. Marcia, you're too severe :
How cou'd you chide the young good-natur'd prince,
And drive him from you with so stern an air,
A prince that loves and doats on you to death ?

Mar. 'Tis therefore, Lucia, that I chide him from me :
His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul
Speak all so movingly in his behalf,
I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

Luc. Why will you fight against so sweet a passion,
And steel your heart to such a world of charms ?

Mar. How, Lucia, wou'dst thou have me sink away
In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,
When ev'ry moment Cato's life's at stake ?
Cæsar comes arm'd with terror and revenge,
And aims his thunder at my father's head :
Shou'd not the fad occasion swallow up
My other cares, and draw them all into it ?

Luc. Why have not I this constancy of mind,

Who

Who have so many griefs to try its force ?
 Sure, nature form'd me of her softest mould,
 Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,
 And sunk me even below mine own weak sex :
 Pity, and love, by turns oppress my heart.

Mar. Lucia, disburden all thy cares on me,
 And let me share thy most retir'd distress ;
 Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee ?

Luc. I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee
 They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.

Mar. They both behold thee with their sister's eyes,
 And often have reveal'd their passion to me :
 But tell me who's address thou fav'rest most ?
 I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

Luc. Which is it Marcia wishes for ?

Mar. For neither —

And yet for both — the youths have equal share
 In Marcia's wishes, and divide their sister :
 But tell me, which of them is Lucia's choice ?

Luc. Marcia, they both are high in my esteem ;
 But in my love — why wilt thou make me name him ?
 Thou know'it it is a blind and foolish passion,
 Pleas'd and disgusted with it knows not what. —

Mar. O Lucia, I'm perplex'd ; O tell me which
 I must hereafter call my happy brother ?

Luc. Suppose 'twere Portius, could you blame my
 choice ?

— O Portius, thou hast stol'n away my soul !
 With what a graceful tenderness he loves !
 And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows !
 Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetnes
 Dwell ever on his tongue, and smooth his thoughts.
 Marcus is over-warm ; his fond complaints
 Have so much earnestnes and passion in them,
 I hear him with a secret kind of horror,
 And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

Mar. Alas, poor youth ! how canst thou throw him
 from thee :

Lucia, thou know'it not half the love he bears thee :
 Whene'er he speaks of thee, his heart's in flames ;
 He sends out all his soul in ev'ry word,
 And thinks, and talks, and looks like one transported.

Unhapp

Unhappy youth ! how will thy coldness raise
Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom !
I dread the consequence.

Luc. You seem to plead
Against your brother Portius.

Mar. Heaven forbid !

Had Portius been the unsuccessful lover,
The same compassion would have fall'n on him.

Luc. Was ever virgin-love distract like mine !
Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success,
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor shew which way it turns. So much he fears
The sad effects that it would have on Marcus.

Mar. He knows too well how easily he's fir'd,
And wou'd not plunge his brother in despair,
But waits for happier times and kinder moments.

Luc. Alas, too late I find myself involv'd
In endless griefs and labyrinths of woe,
Born to afflict my Marcia's family,
And sow dissension in the hearts of brothers.
Tormenting thought ! it cuts into the soul.

Mar. Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows,
But to the gods permit th' event of things.
Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,
May still grow bright, and smile with happier hours.

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and as it runs, refines ;
Till by degrees the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows,
And a new heav'n in its fair bosom shows.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T II. S C E N E I.

The Senate.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS.

SEMPRONIUS.

ROME still survives in this assembled senate !
Let us remember we are Cato's friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.

Luc.

Luc. Cato will soon be here, and open to us
Th' occasion of our meeting. Hark! he comes!
[A sound of trumpets.
May all the guardian-gods of Rome direct him!

Enter CATO.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in council.
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes:
Pharsalia gave him Rome. Egypt has since
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we shoud decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Libya's sultry desarts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts, are they still fixt
To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought
By time and ill success to a submission?
Sempronius speak.

Semp. My voice is still for war.
Gods, can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to chuse, slav'ry or death!
No; let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break throgh the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help;
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
Or share their fate! the corpse of half her senate
Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
Sit here delib'rating in cold debates
If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
Rouse up for shame! Our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle!

Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us !

Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason :
True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides :
All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.
Are not the lives of those who draw the sword
In Rome's defence entrusted to our care ?
Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reason say,
We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious ?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

Luc. My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows, and with orphans : Sythia morns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome :
'Tis time to sheath the sword, and spare mankind.
It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,
The gods declare against us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
(Prompted by blind revenge, and wild despair),
Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,
And not to rest in Heav'n's determination.
Already have we shewn our love to Rome.
Now let us shew submission to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the Commonwealth ; when this end fails,
Arms have no further use : our country's cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests 'em from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood,
Uuprofitably shed : what men could do
Is done already : Heaven and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

Semp. This smooth discourse, and mild behaviour oft
Conceal a traitor. —— Something whispers me
All is not right. —— Cato, beware of Lucius.

[*Aside to Cato.*

Cato. Let us appear nor rash nor diffident ;
Immod'rate valour swells into a fault ;

And

And fear, admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treason. Let us shun'em both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
Are grown thus desp'rate : we have bulwarks round us :
Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
In Afric heats; and season'd to the sun ;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
While there is hope, do not distrust the gods :
But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment 'ere her time ?
No, let us draw our term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last ;
So shall we gain still one day's liberty :
And let me perish, but in Cato's judgment
A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter MARCUS.

Marc. Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gate,
Lodg'd on my post, a herald is arriv'd
From Cæsar's camp, and with him comes old Decius,
The Roman knight : he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

Cato. By your permission, fathers, bid him enter.

[Exit Marcus.]

Decius was once my friend ; but other prospects
Have loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to Cæsar.
His message may determine our resolves.

S C E N E II.

DECIUS, CATO.

Dec. Cæsar sends health to Cato — — —

Cato. Cou'd he send it

To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to address the senate ?

Dec. My busines is with Cato. Cæsar sees
The straits to which you're driven ; and, as he knows

Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
Wou'd he save Cato? bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this: and tell him, Cato
Disdains a life which he has power to offer.

Dec. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar.
Her gen'rals and her consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests, and denied his triumphs,
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

Cato. Those very reasons thou hast urg'd, forbid it.

Dec. Cato, I've orders to expostulate
And reason with you, as from friend to friend.
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens ev'ry hour to burst upon it.
Still may you stand high in your country's honours,
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar.
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.

Cato. No more: I must not think of life on such conditions.

Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—
Cato. Nay more, tho' Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the Rostrum in his favour,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. A style like this becomes a conqueror.
Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

Dec. What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe?

Cato. Greater than Cæsar: he's a friend to virtue.

Dec. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little senate;
You don't now thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

Cato.

Cato. Let him consider that, who drives us hither!
 'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
 And thinn'd its ranks. Alas, thy dazzled eye,
 Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
 Which conquest and success have thrown upon him!
 Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
 With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes
 That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em.
 I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
 Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
 But by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
 Shou'd never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

Dec. Does Cato fend this answer back to Cæsar.
 For all his gen'rous cares, and proffer'd friendship?

Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain:
 Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
 Wou'd Cæsar shew the greatness of his soul;
 Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
 And make good use of his ill-gotten pow'r,
 By shelt'ring men much better than himself.

Dec. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
 You are a man. You rush on your destruction.
 But I have done. When I relate hereafter
 The tale of this unhappy embassy,
 All Rome will be in tears. [Exit Decius.]

S C E N E III.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, CATO.

Semp. Cato, we thank thee.
 The mighty genius of immortal Rome
 Speaks in thy voice, thy soul breathes liberty,
 Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st,
 And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.

Luc. The senate owns its gratitude to Cato,
 Who, with so great a soul, consults its safety,
 And guards our lives, while he neglects his own.

Semp. Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.
 Lucius seems fond of life: but what is life?
 'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air
 From time to time, or gaze upon the sun:
 'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,

Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.
O cou'd my dying hand but lodge a fword
In Cæsar's bosom, and revenge my country,
By Heav'ns I cou'd enjoy the pangs of death,
And smile in agony!

Luc. Others, perhaps,
May serve their country with as warm a zeal,
'Tho' 'tis not kindled into so much rage.

Semp. This sober conduct is a mighty virtue
In lukewarm patriots.

Cato. Come ! no more, Sempronius.
All here are friends to Rome, — and to each other.
Let us not weaken still the weaker side
By our divisions.

Semp. Cato, my resentments
Are sacrific'd to Rome. — I stand reprov'd.

Cato. Fathers, 'tis time you come to a resolve.
Luc. Cato, we all go in to your opinion.
Cæsar's behaviour has convinc'd the senate
We ought to hold it out till terms arrive.

Semp. We ought to hold it out till death ; but, Cato,
My private voice is drown'd amid the senate's.

Cato. Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill
This little interval, this pause of life,
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful),
With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it ;
That heav'n may say it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewell. — The young Numidian prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our counsels.

[*Exeunt Senators.*

S C E N E IV.

CATO, JUBA.

Cato. Juba, the Roman senate has resolv'd,
Till time give better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheathe'd, and turn its edge on Cæsar.

Juba. The resolution fits a Roman senate.
But, Cato, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condescend to hear a young man speak.
My father, when some days before his death

He

He order'd me to march for Utica,
(Alas, I thought not then his death so near!)
Wept o'er me, press'd me in his aged arms,
And, as his griefs gave way, My son, said he,
Whatever fortune shall befall thy father,
Be Cato's friend ; he'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds : do but observe him well,
Thou'l shun misfortunes, or thou'l learn to bear 'em.

Cato. Juba, thy father was a worthy prince,
And merited, alas ! a better fate ;
But Heav'n thought otherwise.

Juba. My father's fate,
In spite of all the fortitude that shines
Before my face, in Cato's great example,
Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.

Cato. It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.

Juba. My father drew respect from foreign climes :
The kings of Afric sought him for their friend ;
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden sources of the Nile,
In distant worlds, on t'other side the sun :
Oft have their black ambassadors appear'd,
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of Zama.

Cato. I am no stranger to thy father's greatness.

Juba. I would not boast the greatness of my father,
But point out new alliances to Cato.
Had we not better leave this Utica,
To arm Numidia in our cause, and court
Th' assistance of my father's pow'rful friends ?
Did they know Cato, our remotest kings
Wou'd pour embattled multitudes about him ;
Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horror of the war,
And making death more grim.

Cato. And canst thou think
Cato will fly before the sword of Cæsar !
Reduc'd, like Hannibal, to seek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down
A vagabond in Afric !

Juba. Cato, perhaps
I'm too officious ; but my forward cares
Wou'd fain preserve a life of so much value.

My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue
Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.

Cato. Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.
But know, young Prince, that valour soars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
These are not ills ; else wou'd they never fall
On Heav'n's first fav'rites, and the best of men :
The gods in bounty work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
Virtues which shun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

Juba. I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st ! I pant for
virtue !
And all my soul endeavours at perfection !

Cato. Dost thou love watchings, abstinence, and toil,
Laborious virtues all ? Learn them from Cato :
Success and fortune must thou learn from Caesar.

Juba. The best good fortune that can fall on Juba,
The whole success, at which my heart aspires,
Depends on Cato.

Cato. What does Juba say ?
Thy words confound me.

Juba. I would fain retract them.
Give 'em me back again. They aim'd at nothing.

Cato. Tell me thy wish, young Prince ; make not my ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Juba. Oh, they're extravagant ;
Still let me hide them.

Cato. What can Juba ask
That Cato will refuse ?

Juba. I fear to name it.
Marcia — inherits all her father's virtues.

Cato. What wouldest thou say ?

Juba. Cato, thou hast a daughter.

Cato. Adieu, young Prince : I wou'd not hear a word
Shou'd lessen thee in my esteem : remember
The hand of Fate is over us, and Heav'n
Exacts severity from all our thoughts :
It is not now a time to talk of ought
But chains or conquest, liberty or death.

[Exit.]

SCENE

S C E N E V.

SYPHAX, JUBA.

Syph. How's this, my Prince ! what, cover'd with confusion ?

You look as if yon stern philosopher
Had just now chid you.

Juba. Syphax, I'm undone !

Syph. I know it well.

Juba. Cato thinks meanly of me.

Syph. And so will all mankind.

Juba. I've open'd to him

The weakness of my soul, my love for Marcia.

Syph. Cato's a proper person to entrust

A love-tale with.

Juba. Oh, I could pierce my heart, had I not lost
My foolish heart ! was ever wretch like Juba !

Syph. Alas, my Prince, how are you chang'd of late !

I've known young Juba rise before the sun,

To beat the thicket where the tiger slept,

Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts :

How did the colour mount into your cheeks,

When first you rous'd him to the chace ! I've seen you,

Ev'n in the Libian dog-days, hunt him down,

Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage

Of fangs and claws, and stooping from your horse

Rivet the panting savage to the ground.

Juba. Pr'ythee, no more !

Syph. How would the old king smile

To see you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,

And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders !

Juba. Syphax, this old man's talk (tho' honey flow'd
In ev'ry word) wou'd now lose all its sweetnes.

Cato's displeas'th, and Marcia lost for ever !

Syph. Young prince, I yet cou'd give you good advice.

Marcia might still be yours.

Juba. What say'st thou, Syphax ?

By heav'ns thou turn'st me all into attention.

Syph. Marcia might still be yours.

Juba. As how, dear Syphax ?

Syph.

Syph. Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,
Mounted on steeds unus'd to the restraint
Of curbs or bits, and fleet than the winds :
Give but the word, we'll snatch this damsel up,
And bear her off.

Juba. Can such dishonest thought
Rise up in man ! wou'dst thou seduce my youth
To do an a&t that wou'd destroy my honour !

Syph. Gods, I cou'd tear my beard to hear you talk !
Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienc'd men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

Juba. Would'st thou degrade thy Prince into a ruffian ?

Syph. The boasted ancestors of these great men,
Whose virtues you admire, were all such ruffians !
This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under heav'n, was founded on a rape.
Your Scipios, Cæsars, Pompeys, and your Catos,
(These gods on earth) are all the spurious brood
Of violated maids, of ravish'd Sabines.

Juba. Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.

Syph. Indeed, my Prince, you want to know the world,
You have not read mankind ; your youth admires
The throws and swellings of a Roman soul,
Cato's bold flights, th' extravagance of virtue.

Juba. If knowledge of the world makes men perfidious,
May Juba ever live in ignorance !

Syph. Go, go, you're young.

Juba. Gods, must I tamely bear
This arrogance unanswer'd ! thou'rt a traitor,
A false old traitor.

Syph. I have gone too far. [Aside.]

Juba. Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.

Syph. I must appease this storm, or perish in it. [Aside.]
Young Prince, behold these locks that are grown white
Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.

Juba. Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.

Syph. Must one rash word, th' infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years ?
This the reward of a whole life of service !

—Curse

—Curse on the boy ! how steadily he hears me ! [Aside.

Juba. Is it because the throne of my forefathers
Still stands unfill'd, and that Numidia's crown
Hangs doubtful yet, whose head it shall inclose,
Thou thus perfum'st to treat thy prince with scorn ?

Syph. Why will you rive my heart with such ex-
pressions ?

Does not old Syphax follow you to war ?
What are his aims ? why does he load with darts
His trembling hand, and crush beneath a cask
His wrinkled brows ? What is it he aspires to ?
Is it not this ; to shed the slow remains,
His last poor ebb of blood, in your defence ?

Juba. Syphax, no more ! I would not hear you talk.

Syph. Not hear me talk ! what, when my faith to Juba,
My royal master's son, is call'd in question ?
My Prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb :
But whilst I live I must not hold my tongue,
And languish out old age in his displeasure.

Juba. Thou know'st the way too well into my heart :
I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.

Syph. What greater instance can I give ? I've offer'd
To do an action which my soul abhors,
And gain you whom you love at any price.

Juba. Was this thy motive ? I have been too hasty.

Syph. And 'tis for this my Prince has call'd me traitor.

Juba. Sure thou mistak'st ; I did not call thee so.

Syph. You did indeed, my Prince, you call'd me traitor.
Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to Cato.
Of what, my Prince, wou'd you complain to Cato ?
That Syphax loves you, and wou'd sacrifice
His life, nay more, his honour in your service.

Juba. Syphax, I know thou lov'st me ; but indeed
Thy zeal for Juba carry'd thee too far.
Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue, where it meets her,
And imitates her actions, where she is not :
It ought not to be sported with.

Syph. By heav'ns
I'm ravish'd when you talk thus, tho' you chide me !
Alas, I've hitherto been us'd to think

A blind officious zeal to serve my king—
The ruling principle that ought to burn,
And quench all others in a subject's heatt.
Happy the people, who preserve their honour
By the same duties that oblige their prince!

Juba. Syphax, thou now begin'st to speak thyself.
Numidia's grown a scorn among the nations
For breach of public vows. Our Punic faith
Is infamous and branded to a proverb.
Syphax, we'll join our cares, to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear our reputation.

Syph. Believe me, Prince, you make old Syphax weep
To hear you talk— but 'tis with tears of joy.
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be blest by Cato's lectures.

Juba. Syphax, thy hand! we'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and frowardness of age.
Thy prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person :
If e'er the sceptre comes into my hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.

Syph. Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness?
My joy grows burdensome, I shan't support it.

Juba. Syphax, farewell. I'll hence, and try to find
Some blest occasion that may set me right
In Cato's thoughts. I'd rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers. [Exit.

SYPHAX solus.

Young men soon give and soon forget affronts ;
Old age is slow in both— A false old traitor !
These words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee dear.
My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee :
But hence ! 'tis gone : I give it to the winds :—
Cæsar, I'm wholly thine. —

S C E N E VI.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

Syph. All hail, Sempronius !
Well ! Cato's senate is resolv'd to wait
The fury of a siege before it yields.

Semp.

Semp. Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate :
Lucius declar'd for peace, and terms were offer'd
To Cato by a messenger from Cæsar.
Shou'd they submit, ere our designs are ripe,
We both must perish in the common wreck,
Lost in a gen'ral undistinguish'd ruin.

Syph. But how stands Cato ?

Semp. Thou hast seen mount Atlas :
While storms and tempest thunder on its brow,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It stands unmov'd, and glories in its height.
Such is that haughty man ; his tow'ring soul,
'Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on Cæsar.

Syph. But what's this messenger ?

Semp. I've practis'd with him,
And found a means to let the victor know
That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends.
But let me now examine in my turn :
Is Juba fix'd ?

Syph. Yes, — but it is to Cato.
I've try'd the force of ev'ry reason on him,
Sooth'd and caref's'd, been angry, sooth'd again,
Laid safety, life, and int'rest in his sight :
But all are vain, he scorns them all for Cato.

Semp. Come, 'tis no matter, we shall do without him,
He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And serve to trip before the victor's chariot.
Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy Juba's cause, and wishest Marcia mine.

Syph. May she be thine as fast as thou wouldest have her.

Semp. Syphax, I love that woman ; though I curse
Her and myself, yet spite of me, I love her.

Syph. Make Cato sure, and give up Utica ;
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a trifle.
But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt ?
Does the sedition catch from man to man,
And run among their ranks ?

Semp. All, all is ready.

The factious leaders are our friends, that spread
Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers.
They count their toilsome marches, long fatigues,

Unusual fastings, and will bear no more
This medley of philosophy and war.
Within an hour they'll storm the senate-house.

Syph. Meanwhile I'll draw up my Numidian troops
Within the square, to exercise their arms,
And, as I see occasion, favour thee.
I laugh to think how your unshaken Cato
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
Pours in upon him thus from every side.

So, where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden th' impetuous hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
And smother'd in the dusty whirlwind dies.

{
[Exeunt.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

MARCUS and PORTIUS.

MARCUS.

THANKS to my stars, I have not rang'd about
The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend ;
Nature first pointed out my Portius to me,
And early taught me, by her secret force,
To love thy person, ere I knew thy merit :
Till what was instinct grew up into friendship.

Por. Marcus, the friendships of the world are oft
Confed'racies in vice, or leagues of pleasure ;
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.

Marc. Portius, thou know'st my soul in all its
weakness ;
Then pr'ythee spare me on its tender side,
Indulge me but in love, my other passions
Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.

Por. When love's well-tim'd, 'tis not a fault to love.
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together.

I would

I would not urge thee to dismiss thy passion,
(I know 'twere vain), but to suppress its force,
Till better times may make it look more graceful.

Marc. Alas ! thou talk'st like one who never felt
Th' impatient throbs and longings of a soul
That pants and reaches after distant good.
A lover does not live by vulgar time :
Believe me, Portius, in my Lucia's absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden ;
And yet, when I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten times more undone ; while hope and fear,
And grief, and rage, and love, rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me.

Por. What can thy Portius do to give thee help ?

Marc. Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair one's
presence :

Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her
With all the strength and heats of eloquence,
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.
Tell her thy brother languishes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom ;
That he forgets his sleep, and loathes his food ;
That youth, and health, and war, are joyless to him :
Describe his anxious days, and restless nights,
And all the torments that thou seest me suffer.

Por. Marcus, I beg thee give me not an office
That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my temper.

Marc. Wilt thou behold me sinking in my woes ?
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows ?

Por. Marcus, thou canst not ask what I'd refuse.
But here, believe me, I've a thousand reasons —

Marc. I know thou'l say my passion's out of season,
That Cato's great example and misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my thoughts :
But what's all this to one who loves like me !

Oh, Portius, Portius, from my soul I wish
Thou didst but know thyself what 'tis to love !
Then would'st thou pity and assist thy brother.

Por. What should I do ! if I disclose my passion,
Our friendship's at an end : if I conceal it,

The world will call me false to a friend and brother.

[*Aside.*]

Marc. But see where Lucia, at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,
Enjoys the noon-day breeze ! observe her, Portius !
That face, that shape, those eyes, that heav'n of beauty !
Observe her well, and blame me if thou can'st.

Por. She sees us, and advances —

Marc. I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember Portius,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

LUCIA, PORTIUS.

Luc. Did not I see your brother Marcus here ?
Why did he fly the place, and shun my presence ?

Por. Oh, Lucia, language is too faint to shew
His rage of love ; it preys upon his life ;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies ;
His passions and his virtues lie confus'd,
And mixt together in so wild a tumult,
That the whole man is quite disfigur'd in him.
Heav'n's ! would one think 'twere possible for love
To make such ravage in a noble foul !
Oh, Lucia, I'm distref's'd ! my heart bleeds for him ;
Ev'n now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,
A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
And I'm unhappy though thou smil'st upon me.

Luc. How wilt thou guard thy honour, in the shock
Of love and friendship ! Think betimes, my Portius,
Think how the nuptial ties, that might ensure
Our mutual bliss, would raise to such a height
Thy brother's griefs, as might perhaps destroy him.

Por. Alas, poor youth ! what dost thou think, my
Lucia ?

His gen'rous, open, undesigning heart
Has begg'd his rival to solicit for him.
Then do not strike him dead with a denial,
But hold him up in life, and cheer his soul
With the faint glim'ring of a doubtful hope ;
Perhaps when we have pass'd these gloomy hours,

And

And weather'd out the storm that beats upon us —

Luc. No, Portius, no ! I see thy sister's tears, —
Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,
In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves,
And, Portius, here I swear, to Heav'n I swear,
To Heav'n and all the pow'rs that judge mankind,
Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,
While such a cloud of mischiefs hangs about us,
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
From all my thoughts, as far — as I am able.

Por. What hast thou said ! I'm thunder-struck —
recall

Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.

Luc. Has not the vow already past my lips ?
The gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in heav'n.
May all the vengeance that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd heads o'erwhelm me, if I break it !

[After a pause.]

Por. Fix'd in astonishment, I gaze upon thee,
Like one just blasted by a stroke from heaven,
Who pants for breath, and stiffens yet alive,
In dreadful looks a monument of wrath !

Luc. At length I've acted my severest part,
I feel the woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my heart ! my tears will flow.
But oh I'll think no more ! the hand of fate
Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.

Por. Hard-hearted, cruel maid !

Luc. Oh stop those sounds,
Those killing sounds ! Why dost thou frown upon me ?
My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,
And life itself goes out at thy displeasure.
The gods forbid us to indulge our loves,
But oh ! I cannot bear thy hate and live !

Por. Talk not of love, thou never knew'st its force.
I've been deluded, led into a dream
Of fancied blifs. O Lucia, cruel maid !
Thy dreadful vow, loaden with death, still sounds
In my stunn'd ears. What shall I say or do ?
Quick let us part ! perdition's in thy presence,
And horror dwells about thee ! — Ha, she faints !
Wretch that I am, what has my rashness done !

Lucia, thou injur'd innocent ! thou best
And loveliest of the sex ! awake, my Lucia,
Or Portius rushes on his fword to join thee.

— Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,
They shut not out society in death —
But hah ! she moves ! life wanders up and down
'Thro' all her face, and lights up ev'ry charm.

Luc. O Portius, was this well ! — to frown on her
That lives upon thy smiles ? to call in doubt
The faith of one expiring at thy feet,
That loves thee more than ever woman lov'd !
— What do I say ? my half-recover'd sense
Forgets the vow in which my foul is bound.
Destruction stands betwixt us ! we must part.

Por. Name not the word ! my frightened thoughts run
back,
And startle into madness at the sound.

Luc. What wouldst thou have me do ? Consider well
The train of ills our love would draw behind it.
Think, Portius, think thou feest thy dying brother
Stabb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with blood,
Storming at heav'n and thee ! thy awful fire
Sternly demands the cause, th' accursed cause
That robs him of his son ! poor Marcia trembles,
Then tears her hair, and frantic in her griefs,
Calls out on Lucia ! what could Lucia answer,
Or how stand up in such a scene of sorrow ?

Por. To my confusion, and eternal grief,
I must approve the sentence that destroys me.
The mist, that hung about my mind, clears up ;
And now, athwart the terrors that thy vow
Has planted round thee thou appear'st more fair,
More amiable, and risest in thy charms.
Loveliest of women ! heav'n is in thy soul,
Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
Bright'ning each other ! thou art all divine !

Luc. Portius, no more ! thy words shoot through my
heart,
Melt my resolves, and turn me all to love.
Why are those tears of fondness in thy eyes ?
Why heaves thy heart ? why fwells thy soul with sorrow ?
It softens me too much. — Farewell, my Portius,
Farewell

Farewell, tho' death is in the word, for ever !

Por. Stay, Lucia, stay ! what dost thou say ? for ever ?

Luc. Have I not sworn ? if, Portius, thy success

Must throw thy brother on his fate, farewell,

Oh, how shall I repeat the word, for ever !

Por. Thus o'er the dying lamp th' unsteady flame

Hangs quiv'ring on a point, leaps off by fits,

And falls again, as loth to quit its hold.

—Thou must not go, my soul still hovers o'er thee,

And can't get loose.

Luc. If the firm Portius shake

To hear of parting, think what Lucia suffers !

Por. 'Tis true ; unruffled and serene I've met

The common accidents of life ; but here

Such an unlook'd-for storm of ills falls on me,

It beats down all my strength. I cannot bear it.

We must not part.

Luc. What dost thou say ? not part ?

Hast thou forgot the vow that I have made ?

Are there not heav'ns, and gods, and thunder o'er us ?

—But see, thy brother Marcus bends this way !

I sicken at the fight. Once more farewell,

Farewell, and know thou wrong'st me if thou think'st

Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine.

{*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

MARCUS, PORTIUS.

Marc. Portius, what hopes ? how stands she ? am I
doom'd

To life or death ?

Por. What would'st thou have me say ?

Marc. What means this penive posture ? thou appear'st
Like one amaz'd and terrified.

Por. I've reason.

Marc. Thy downcast looks, and thy disorder'd
thoughts

Tell me my fate. I ask not the success
My cause has found.

Por. I'm griev'd I undertook it.

Marc. What ! does the bas'ous maid insult my heart,
My aching heart ! and triumph in my pains ?

That

That I could cast her from my thoughts for ever !

Por. Away ! you're too suspicious in your griefs ;
Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,
Compassionates your pains, and pities you.

Marc. Compassionates my pains, and pities me !
What is compassion when 'tis void of love ?
Fool that I was, to chuse so cold a friend
To urge my cause ! Compassionates my pains !
Pr'ythee what art, what rhet'ric didst thou use
To gain this mighty boon ? she pities me !
To one that asks the warm returns of love,
Compassion's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death. —

Por. Marcus, no more ! have I deserv'd this treatment ?

Marc. What have I said ! O Portius, O forgive me !
A soul exasperated in ills falls out
With every thing, its friend, itself. — But, hah !
What means that shout, big with the sounds of war ?
What new alarm ?

Por. A second, louder yet,
Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.

Marc. Oh, for some glorious cause to fall in battle !
Lucia, thou hast undone me ! thy disdain
Has broke my heart : 'tis death must give me ease.

Por. Quick, let us hence : who knows if Cato's life
Stands sure ? O Marcus, I am warm'd, my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter SEMPRONIUS, with the leaders of the mutiny.

Semp. At length the winds are rais'd, the storm blows
high ;

Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In its full fury, and direct it right,
Till it has spent itself on Cato's head.
Mean while I'll herd among his friends, and seem
One of the number, that, whate'er arrive,
My friends and fellow-soldiers may be safe. (Exit.

I Lead. We all are safe, Sempronius is our friend.
Sempronius is as brave a man as Cato.
But hark ! he enters. Bear up boldly to him ;

Be

Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast:
This day will end our toils, and give us rest.
Fear nothing, for Sempronius is our friend.

S C E N E V.

Enter Cato, Sempronius, Lucius, Portius, Marcus.

Cato. Where are those bold intrepid sons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,
And to their gen'ral send a brave defiance!

Semp. Curse on their dastard souls, they stand astonish'd!

[*Afside.*]

Cato. Perfidious men! and will you thus dishonour
Your past exploits, and sully all our wars?
Do you confess 'twas not a zeal for Rome,
Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour,
Drew you thus far, but hopes to share the spoil
Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?
Fir'd with such motives you do well to join
With Cato's foes, and follow Cæsar's banners.
Why did I 'scape th' envenom'd aspic's rage,
And all the fiery masters of the desert,
To see this day? why could not Cato fall
Without your guilt? Behold, ungrateful men,
Behold my bosom naked to your swords,
And let the man that's injur'd strike the blow.
Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,
Or thinks he suffers greater ills than Cato?
Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares?
Painful pre-eminence!

Semp. By heav'n's they droop!
Confusion to the villains! all is lost.

[*Afside.*]

Cato. Have you forgotten Lybia's burning waste,
Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of sand,
Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison?
Who was the first to explore th' untrodden path,
When life was hazarded in every step?
Or, fainting in the long laborious march,
When on the banks of an unlook'd-for stream
You sunk the river with repeated draughts,

Who

Who was the last in all your host that thirsted ?

Semp. If some penurious source by chance appear'd,
Scanty of waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full helmet up to Cato ;
Did he not dash th' untasted moisture from him ?
Did he not lead you through the mid-day sun,
And clouds of dust ? did not his temples glow
In the same sultry winds and scorching heats ?

Cato. Hence, worthless men ! hence ! and complain to
Cæsar,

You could not undergo the toils of war,
Nor bear the hardships that your leader bore.

Luc. See, Cato, see th' unhappy men ! they weep !
Fear, and remorse, and sorrow for their crime,
Appear in every look, and plead for mercy.

Cato. Learn to be honest men, give up your leaders,
And pardon shall descend on all the rest.

Semp. Cato, commit these wretches to my care.
First let 'em each be broken on the rack,
Then, with what life remains, impal'd and left
To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake.
There let 'em hang, and taint the southern wind,
The partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up and see their fellow-traitors
Stuck on a fork and black'ning in the sun.

Luc. Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the fate
Of wretched men ?

Semp. How ! wouldst thou clear rebellion ?
Lucius (good man !) pities the poor offenders
That would embrue their hands in Cato's blood.

Cato. Forbear, Sempronius ! — See they suffer death,
But in their deaths remember they are men.
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.
Lucius, the base degen'rate age requires
Severity, and justice in its rigour.
This awes an impious, bold offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,
The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
And lay th' uplifted thunderbolt aside.

Semp. Cato, I execute thy will with pleasure.

Cato. Mean while we'll sacrifice to Liberty.

Remember,

Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
 The gen'rous plan of power deliver'd down,
 From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
 (So dearly bought, the price of so much blood)
 O let it never perish in your hands !
 But piously transmit it to your children.
 Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,
 And make our lives in thy possession happy,
 Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.

[Exit Cato, &c.

S C E N E VI.

SEMPRONIUS, and the Leaders of the mutiny,

1 Lead. Sempronius, you have acted like yourself ;
 One wou'd have thought you had been half in earnest.

Semp. Villain, stand off ; base grov'ling worthless
 wretches,

Mongrels in faction, poor faint hearted traitors.

2 Lead. Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius :
 Throw off the mask, there are none here but friends.

Semp. Know, villains, when suchaultry slaves pre-
 sume

To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
 They're thrown neglected by : but if it fails,

They're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.

Here, take these factious monsters, drag 'em forth
 To sudden death.

Enter GUARDS.

1 Lead. Nay, since it comes to this —

Semp. Dispatch 'em quick, but first pluck out their
 tongues,
 Lest, with their dying breath, they sow sedition.

[Exeunt Gaurds with their Leaders.

S C E N E VII.

SYPHAX and SEMPRONIUS.

Syph. Our first design, my friend, has prov'd abortive ;
 Still there remains an after game to play :
 My troops are mounted ; their Numidian steeds

Snuff

Snuff up the wind, and long to scour the desert :
 Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,
 We'll force the gate where Marcus keeps his guard,
 And hew down all that would oppose our passage.
 A day will bring us into Cæsar's camp.

Semp. Confusion ! I have fail'd of half my purpose :
 Marcia, the charming Marcia's left behind !

Syph. How ! will Sempronius turn a woman's slave !

Semp. Think not thy friend can ever feel the soft
 Unmanly warmth and tenderness of love.

Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty maid,
 And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion :
 When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.

Syph. Well said ! that's spoken like thyself, Sempronius ;
 What hinders then, but that thou find her out,
 And hurry her away by manly force ?

Semp. But how to gain admission ? For access
 Is giv'n to none but Juba, and her brothers.

Syph. Thou shalt have Juba's dres and Juba's guards :
 The doors will open, when Numidia's prince
 Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.

Semp. Heav'ns, what a thought is there ! Marcia's
 my own !

How will my bosom swell with anxious joy,
 When I behold her struggling in my arms,
 With glowing beauty and disorder'd charms,
 While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
 Pant in her breast, and vary in her face !
 So Pluto, seiz'd of Proserpine, convey'd
 To hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid ;
 There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,
 Nor envy'd Jove his sun shine and his skies.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

LUCIA and MARCIA.

LUCIA.

NOW tell me, Marcia, tell me from thy soul,
 If thou believ'st 'tis possible for woman
 To suffer greater ills than Lucia suffers ?

Mar.

Mar. O Lucia, Lucia, might my big-swoln heart
Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow,
Marcia cou'd answer thee in sighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.

Luc. I know thou'rt doom'd alike, to be belov'd
By Juba, and thy father's friend Sempronius.
But which of these has power to charm like Portius !

Marc. Still I must beg thee not to name Sempronius.
Lucia, I like not that loud boist'rous man ;
Juba, to all the brav'ry of a hero,
Adds softest love, and more than female sweetness ;
Juba might make the proudest of our sex,
Any of woman kind, but Marcia, happy.

Luc. And why not Marcia ? Come, you strive in vain
To hide your thoughts from one who knows too well
The inward glowings of a heart in love.

Marc. While Cato lives, his daughter has no right
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.

Luc. But shou'd this father give you to Sempronius !

Marc. I dare not think he will : but if he should —
Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer
Imaginary ills, and fancy'd tortures ?
I hear the sound of feet ! they march this way :
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each softer thought in sens'e of present danger.
When love once pleads admission to our hearts
(In spite of all the virtues we can boast)
The woman that deliberates is lost.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter SEMPRONIUS, dress'd like Juba, with Numidian guards.

Semp. The deer is lodg'd, I have trac'd her to her cover.
Be sure you mind the word, and when I give it,
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.
Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.

— How will the young Numidian rave to see
His mistres lost ? If ought could glad my soul,
Beyond th' enjoyment of so bright a prize,
'Twould be to torture that young gay Barbarian.

— But hark, what noise ! death to my hopes ! 'tis he !

E

'Tis

'Tis Juba's self ! There is but one way left —
 He must be murder'd, and a passage cut
 Thro' those his guards—Hah, dastards, do you tremble ?
 Or act like men, or by yon azure heav'n—

Enter JUBA.

Juba. What do I see ? who's this that dare usurp
 The guards and habit of Numidia's Prince ?

Semp. One that was born to scourge thy arrogance,
 Presumptuous youth !

Juba. What can this mean ! Sempronius !

Semp. My sword shall answer thee. Have at thy heart.

Jub. Nay, then beware thy own, proud barb'rous man.

[*Semp. falls. His guards surrender.*

Semp. Curse on my stars ! am I then doom'd to fall
 By a boy's hand, disfigur'd in a vile
 Numidian dress, and for a worthless woman ?
 Gods, I'm distracted ! this my close of life !
 O for a peal of thunder that would make
 Earth, sea, and air, and heav'n, and Cato tremble ! [*Dies.*

Jub. With what a spring his furious soul broke loose,
 And left the limbs still quivering on the ground !
 Hence let us carry off those slaves to Cato,
 That we may there at length unravel all
 This dark design, this mystery of fate.

[*Exit Juba, with prisoners, &c.*

S C E N E III.

Enter LUCIA and MARCIA.

Luc. Sure 'twas the clash of swords ; my troubled heart
 Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,
 It throbs with fear, and aches at every sound.
 O Marcia, should thy brothers, for my sake —
 I die away with horror at the thought.

Marc. See, Lucia, see ! here's blood ! here's blood !
 and murder !

Hah ! a Numidian ! Heav'n's preserve the prince :
 The face lies muffled up within the garment.
 But, hah ! death to my sight ! a diadem
 And purple robes ! O gods ! 'tis he, 'tis he !
 Juba, the loveliest youth that ever warm'd

A virgin's heart, Juba lies dead before us !

Luc. Now, Marcia, now call up to thy assistance
Thy wonted strength, and constancy of mind ;
Thou canst not put it to a greater trial.

Marc. Lucia, look there, and wonder at my patience !
Have I not cause to rave and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted !

Luc. What can I think or say to give thee comfort ?

Marc. Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills :
Behold a sight that strikes all comfort dead.

Enter JUBA listening.

I will indulge my sorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair ;
That man, that best of men, deserv'd it from me.

Jub. What do I hear ? and was the false Sempronius
That best of men ? O had I fall'n like him,
And could have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy.

Luc. Here will I stand, companion in thy woes,
And help thee with my tears ; when I behold
A loss like thine, I half forget my own.

Marc. 'Tis not in fate to ease my tortur'd breast :
This empty world, to me a joyless desart,
Has nothing left to make poor Marcia happy.

Jub. I'm on the rack ! was he so near her heart !

Marc. O he was all made up of love and charms !
Whatever maid cou'd wish, or man admire :
Delight of ev'ry eye : when he appear'd,
A secret pleasure gladen'd all that saw him :
But when he talk'd, the proudest Roman blush'd :
To hear his virtue, and old age grew wise.

Jub. I shall run mad —

Marc. O Juba ! Juba ! Juba !

Jub. What means that voice ? did she not call on Juba ?

Marc. Why do I think on what he was ? he's dead !
He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him.
Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart,
Amidst its agonies, remember'd Marcia !
And the last words he utter'd call'd me cruel !
Alas, he knew not, hapless youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and Juba !

Juba. Where am I ! do I live ! or am indeed
What Marcia thinks ! all is Elysium round me !

Marc. Ye dear remains of the most lov'd of men !
Nor modesty nor virtue here forbid
A last embrace, while thus —

Jub. See, Marcia, see, [Throwing himself before her.
The happy Juba lives ! he lives to catch
That dear embrace, and to return it too
With mutual warmth and eagerness of love.

Marc. With pleasure and amaze I stand transported !
Sure 'tis a dream ! dead and alive at once !
If thou art Juba, who lies there ?

Jub. A wretch,
Disguis'd like Juba on a curs'd design.
The tale is long, nor have I heard it out ;
Thy father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee ;
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,
Am 'rap'd with joy to see my Marcia's tears.

Marc. I've been surpris'd in an unguarded hour,
But must not now go back : the love that lay
Half smother'd in my breast, has broke through all
Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre ;
I cannot, if I wou'd, conceal it from thee.

Jub. I'm lost in ecstasy ! and dost thou love,
Thou charming maid !

Mar. And dost thou live to ask it ?

Jub. This, this is life indeed ! life worth preserving,
Such life as Juba never felt till now.

Mar. Believe me, Prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know myself how much I lov'd thee.

Jub. O fortunate mistake !

Marc. O happy Marcia !

Jub. My joy ! my best belov'd ! my only wish !
How shall I speak the transport of my soul !

Marc. Lucia, thy arm ! Oh let me rest upon it !
The vital blood, that had forsook my heart,
Returns again in such tumultuous tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment. —
O Prince, I blush to think what I have said,
But Fate has wrested the confession from me :

Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour :
 Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
 And make the gods propitious to our love.

[*Exit. Marc. and Luc.*]

Juba. I am so bless'd, I fear 'tis all a dream.
 Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
 Thy past unkindness. I absolve my stars.
 What tho' Numidia add her conquer'd towns
 And provinces to swell the victor's triumph !
 Juba will never at his fate repine ;
 Let Cæsar have the world, if Marcia's mine.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

A March at a distance.

Enter CATO and LUCIUS.

Luc. I stand astonish'd ! What, the bold Sempronius !
 That still broke foremost through the crowd of patriots,
 As with a hurricane of zeal transported,
 And virtuous ev'n to madnes —

Cato. Trust me, Lucius,
 Our civil discords have produc'd such crimes,
 Such monstrous crimes, I am surpris'd at nothing.
 —— O Lucius, I am sick of this bad world !
 The day-light and the sun grow painful to me.

Enter PORTIUS.

But see where Portius comes ! what means this haste ?
 Why are thy looks thus chang'd ?

Por. My heart is griev'd ;
 I bring such news as will afflict my father.

Cato. Has Cæsar shed more Roman blood ?

Por. Not so.
 The traitor Syphax, as within the square
 He exercis'd his troops, the signal given,
 Flew off at once with his Numidian horse
 To the south gate, where Marcus holds the watch.
 I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain ;
 He toss'd his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
 He would not stay, and perish like Sempronius.

Cato. Perfidious men ! But haste, my son, and see

Thy brother Marcus acts a Roman's part. [*Exit* Portius.
—Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me ;
Justice gives way to force : the conquer'd world
Is Cæsar's : Cato has no business in it.

Luc. While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,
The world will still demand her Cato's presence.
In pity to mankind, submit to Cæsar,
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.

Cato. Would Lucius have me live to swell the number
Of Cæsar's slaves, or by a base submission
Give up the cause of Rome, and own a tyrant ?

Luc. The victor never will impose on Cato
Ungen'rous terms. His enemies confess,
The virtues of humanity are Cæsar's.

Cato. Curse on his virtues ! they've undone his country :
Such popular humanity is treason.—
But see young Juba ! the good youth appears
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects.

Luc. Alas, poor prince ! his fate deserves compassion.

Enter JUBA.

Juba. I blush, and am confounded to appear
Before thy presence, Cato.

Cato. What's thy crime ?

Juba. I'm a Numidian.

Cato. And a brave one too.
Thou hast a Roman soul.

Juba. Hast thou not heard
Of my false countrymen ?

Cato. Alas, young prince,
Falsehood and fraud shoot up in ev'ry soil,
The product of all climes — Rome has its Cæsars.

Juba. 'Tis generous thus to comfort the distress'd.

Cato. 'Tis just to give applause where 'tis deserv'd.
Thy virtue, Prince, has stood the test of Fortune,
Like purest gold, that, tortur'd in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.

Juba. What shall I answer thee ? my ravish'd heart
O'erflows with secret joy : I'd rather gain
Thy praise, O Cato, than Numidia's empire.

Re-enter

Re-enter PORTIUS.

Por. Misfortune on misfortune ! grief on grief !
My brother Marcus —

Cato. Hah ! what has he done ?
Has he forsook his post ? hath he giv'n way ?
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em pass ?

Por. Scarce had I left my father, but I met him
Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.
Long, at the head of his few faithful friends,
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes,
Till obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Oppress'd with multitudes, he greatly fell.

Cato. I'm satisfied.

Por. Nor did he fall before
His sword had pierc'd thro' the false heart of Syphax.
Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

Cato. Thanks to the gods ! my boy has done his duty.
— Portius, when I am dead, be sure thou place
His urn near mine.

Por. Long may they keep asunder !

Luc. O Cato, arm thy soul with all its patience :
See where the corpse of thy dead son approaches :
The citizens and senators, alarm'd,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

[*Cato meeting the corpse.*

Cato. Welcome, my son ! here lay him down, my
friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.
— How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue !
Who would not be that youth ! what pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country !
— Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends ?
I should have blush'd if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war.
— Portius, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.

Jub. Was ever man like this !

[*Aside.*

Cato. Alas, my friends !

Why

Why mourn you thus? let not a private loss
 Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears.
 The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
 The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
 That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
 And set the nations free. Rome is no more.
 O liberty! O virtue! O my country!

Jub. Behold that upright man! Rome fills his eyes
 With tears that flow'd not o'er his own dead son. (*Aside.*)

Cato. Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdu'd,
 The sun's whole course, the day and year are Cæsar's.
 For him the self-devoted Decii dy'd,
 The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquer'd:
 Ev'n Pompey fought for Cæsar. Oh my friends!
 How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
 The Roman empire fall'n! O curs'd ambition!
 Fall'n into Cæsar's hands! Our great forefathers
 Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

Jub. While Cato lives, Cæsar will blush to see
 Mankind enslav'd, and be ashamed of empire.

Cato. Cæsar ashamed! has not he seen Pharsalia!

Luc. Cato, 'tis time thou save thyself and us.

Cato. Lose not a thought on me, I'm out of danger.
 Heav'n will not leave me in the victor's hand.
 Cæsar shall never say, "I conquer'd Cato."
 But, oh my friends, your safety fills my heart
 With anxious thoughts: a thousand secret terrors
 Rise in my soul: how shall I save my friends!
 'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee.

Luc. Cæsar has mercy, if we ask it of him.

Cato. Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know:
 Whate'er was done against him, Cato did it.
 Add, if you please, that I request it of him,
 That I myself, with tears request it of him,
 The virtue of my friends may pass unpunish'd.
 Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.
 Shou'd I advise thee to regain Numidia,
 Or seek the conqueror?

Jub. If I forsake thee
 Whilst I have life, may Heav'n abandon Juba!

Cato. Thy virtues, Prince, if I foresee aright,
 Will one day make thee great. At Rome, hereafter,

'Twill

'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend.
 Portius, draw near ! My son ! thou oft hast seen
 Thy fire engag'd in a corrupted state,
 Wrestling with vice and faction : now thou see'st me
 Spent, overpower'd, despairing of success ;
 Let me advise you to retreat betimes
 To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,
 Where the great Censor toil'd with his own hands,
 And all our frugal ancestors were blest'd
 In humble virtues, and a rural life :
 There live retir'd : pray for the peace of Rome :
 Content thyself to be obscurely good.
 When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
 The post of honour is a private station.

Por. I hope my father does not recommend
 A life to Portius, that he scorns himself.

Cato. Farewell, my friends ! if there be any of you
 Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
 Know there are ships prepar'd by my command,
 (Their sails already op'ning to the winds)
 That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port.
 Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you ?
 The conqueror draws near. Once more farewell !
 If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
 In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
 Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.

[*Pointing to his dead son.*

There the brave youth, with love of virtue fir'd,
 Who greatly in his country's cause expir'd,
 Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there,
 (Who made the welfare of mankind his care)
 Tho' still by faction, vice, and fortune cross'd,
 Shall find the gen'rous labour was not lost.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

CATO solus, sitting in a thoughtful posture : In his
 hand Plato's book on the immortality of the soul ; a
 drawn sword on the table by him.

IT must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality ?

Or

Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
 Of falling into nought ! Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us ;
 'Tis Heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.
 Eternity ! thou pleasing, dreadful thought !
 Through what variety of untry'd being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass !
 The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me ;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
 (And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
 Through all her works), he must delight in virtue ;
 And that which he delights in must be happy.
 But when ? or where ? — this world was made for Cæsar.
 I'm weary of conjectures — this must end 'em.

[Laying his hand on his sword.]

Thus am I doubly arm'd : my death and life,
 My bane and antidote are both before me ;
 This in a moment brings me to an end ;
 But this informs me I shall never die.
 The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years,
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.

What means this heaviness that hangs upon me ?
 This lethargy that creeps through all my senses ?
 Nature oppress'd, and harrass'd out with care,
 Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
 That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
 Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
 An offering fit for Heav'n. Let guilt or fear
 Disturb man's rest ; Cato knows neither of 'em,
 Indiff'rent in his choice to sleep or die.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

CATO, PORTIUS.

Cato. But, hah ! who's this ! My son ! why this intrusion ?

Were not my orders that I would be private ?

Why am I disobey'd ?

Por. Alas, my father !

What means this sword ? this instrument of death ?

Let me convey it hence.

Cato. Rash youth, forbear !

Por. O let the pray'rs, th' entreaties of your friends,
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from you.

Cato. Wou'dst thou betray me ? woud'st thou give
me up

A slave, a captive, into Cæsar's hands ?

Retire, and learn obedience to a father,

Or know, young man ! —

Por. Look not thus sternly on me :

You know I'd rather die than disobey you.

Cato. 'Tis well ! again I'm master of myself.
Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,
And bar each avenue, thy gath'ring fleets
O'erspread the sea, and stop up ev'ry port !
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes —

Por. O Sir, forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him ! O my father !
How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so ! Be not displeas'd,
O be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul !

Cato. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.

[Embracing him.

Weep not, my son, all will be well again :
The righteous gods, whom I have sought to please,
Will succour Cato, and preserve his children.

Por. Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.

Cato. Portius, thou may'st rely upon my conduct ;
Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.

But

But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting
 Among thy father's friends ; see them embark'd ;
 And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.
 My soul is quite weigh'd down with care, and asks
 The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep. [Exit.]

Por. My thoughts are more at ease, my heart re-vives.

S C E N E . III.

PORTIUS and MARCIA.

Por. O Marcia, O my sister, still there's hope !
 Our father will not cast away a life
 So needful to us all and to his country.
 He is retir'd to rest, and seems to cherish
 Thoughts full of peace. He has dispatch'd me hence
 With orders that bespeak a mind compos'd,
 And studious for the safety of his friends.
 Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers. [Exit.]

Marc. O ye immortal Powers, that guard the just,
 Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
 Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
 With easy dreams : remember all his virtues !
 And show mankind that goodness is your care.

S C E N E . IV.

LUCIA and MARCIA.

Luc. Where is your father, Marcia, where is Cato ?

Mar. Lucia, speak low, he is retir'd to rest.

Lucia, I feel a gentle dawning hope
 Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.

Luc. Alas, I tremble when I think on Cato.
 In every view, in every thought I tremble !
 Cato is stern and awful as a god,
 He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
 Or pardon weakness that he never felt.

Marc. Though stern and awful to the foes of Rome,
 He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild,
 Compassionate and gentle to his friends,
 Fill'd with domestic tenderness, the best,
 The kindest father ! I have ever found him

Eaf.

Easy, and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

Luc. 'Tis his consent alone can make us bless'd.

Marcia, we both are equally involv'd

In the same intricate, perplex'd distress.

The cruel hand of Fate, that has destroy'd

Thy brother Marcus, whom we both lament —

Marc. And ever shall lament ; unhappy youth !

Luc. Has set my soul at large, and now I stand
Loose of my vow. But who knows Cato's thoughts ?
Who knows how yet he may dispose of Portius ?
Or how he has determin'd of thyself ?

Marc. Let him but live ! commit the rest to Heav'n.

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man !
O Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father :
Some Pow'r invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep is fall'n upon him :
I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams ; as I drew near his couch,
He smil'd, and cry'd, Cæsar, thou can'st not hurt me !

Marc. His mind still labours with some dreadful
thought.

Luc. Marcia, why all this grief, these floods of sorrow ?
Dry up thy tears, my child, we all are safe
While Cato lives, — his presence will protect us.

Enter JUBA.

Jub. Lucius, the horsemen are return'd from viewing
The number, strength, and posture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a short hour's march.
On the high point of yon bright western tower
We ken them from afar ; the setting sun
Plays on their shining arms and burnish'd helmets,
And covers all the fields with gleams of fire.

Luc. Marcia, 'tis time we shou'd awake thy father.
Cæsar is still dispos'd to give us terms,
And waits at distance till he hears from Cato.

Enter PORTIUS.

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance.
What tidings dost thou bring ? Methinks I see

Unusual gladness sparkling in thy eyes.

Por. As I was hastening to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the ling'ring winds, a sail arriv'd
From Pompey's son, who through the realms of Spain
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouses the whole nation up to arms.

Were Cato at their head, once more might Rome
Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.

But hark ! what means that groan ! O give me way,
And let me fly into my father's presence. [Exit.]

Luc. Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on Rome,
And in the wild disorder of his soul
Mourns o'er his country. Hah ! a second groan—
Heav'n guard us all ! —

Marc. Alas, 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps ! 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that sound. —

Re-enter PORTIUS.

Por. O sight of woe !
O Marcia, what we fear'd is come to pass !
Cato is fall'n upon his sword —

Luc. O Portius,
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
And let us guesst the rest.

Por. I've rais'd him up,
And plac'd him in his chair, where, pale, and faint,
He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from him,
Demands to see his friends. His servants weeping,
Obsequious to his orders, bear him hither.

[*The back scene opens, and discovers Cato.*
Marc. O heay'o assist me in this dreadful hour
To pay the last sad duties to my father !

Jub. These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Cæsar !

Luc. Now is Rome fall'n indeed ! —

[*Cato brought forward in his chair.*

Cato. Here set me down —

Portius, come near me — are my friends embark'd :
Can any thing be thought of for their service ?
Whilst yet I live, let me not live in vain.

—O Lucius, art thou here—Thou art too good—
Let this our friendship live between our children,
Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia.
Alas, poor man, he weeps!—Marcia, my daughter—
O bend me forward! Juba loves thee, Marcia;
A senator of Rome, while Rome surviv'd,
Would not have match'd his daughter with a king;
But Cæsar's arms have thrown down all distinction;
Whoe'er is brave and virtuous, is a Roman—
—I'm sick to dea—
From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and sorrow!—
—And yet, methinks, a beam of light breaks in
On my departing foul. Alas! I fear
I've been too hasty. O ye Pow'rs that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not!—
The best may err, but you are good, and—OH! [Dies.]

Luc. There fled the greatest soul that ever warm'd
A Roman breast. O Cato! O my friend!
Thy will shall be religiouſly obſerv'd.
But let us bear this awful corpse to Cæſar,
And lay it in his sight, that it may stand
A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;
Cato, though dead, ſhall ſtill protect his friends.

From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow.
'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,
And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms,
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and ſtrife,
And robs the guilty world of Cato's life.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

E P I L O G U E.

By Dr GARTH.

Spoken by Mrs PORTER.

*WHAT odd fantastic things we women do !
Who wou'd not listen when young lovers woo ?
But die a maid, yet have the choice of two !
Ladies are often cruel to their cost ;
To give you pain, themselves they punish most.
Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd :
Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in convents made.
Wou'd you revenge such rash resolves — you may :
Be spiteful — and believe the things we say,
We hate you when you're easily said nay.
How needless, if you knew us, were your fears ?
Let Love have eyes, and Beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd as you yourselves would chuse,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse :
We give to Merit, and to Wealth we sell ;
He sighs with most success who settles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix :
'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.
Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue
Those lovely lessons we have learn'd from you :
Your breast no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked Wealth usurps the pow'r of charms.
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
To swell in show, and be a wretch in state !
At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow ;
Ev'n churches are no sanctuaries now :
There, golden idols all your vows receive,
She is no goddess that has nought to give.
Oh, may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere ;
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And courts less coveted than groves and springs.
Love then shall only mourn when Truth complains,
And constancy feel transport in its chains,
Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,
And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal ;
Virtue again to its bright station climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time ;
The fair shall listen to desert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's son.*



